A Collection of Poet Pennicuicke's *Satires on Kirkmen*, &c.

ROME's LEGACY TO THE *Kirk of* SCOTLAND.

A Satire on the Stool of Repentance.

TOGETHER WITH

The *Cameronian* Crucifix.—The Criminal *Stirling* impeached for high Treason.—The Webster's Wife's Tears over her Husband's Testicles, in a Dialogue 'twixt her and the Matrons of *Middletown*.—The *Presbyterian* Pope: A Dialogue 'twixt the Kirk-Treasurer and *Meg*, a Lady of the Game.—On a *Cameronian* Butter-Wife at the *Bow-head*.—A Satire on a Tea Table.—An *Englishman's* Grace over a Pock-Pudding.

At the desire of several Gentlemen in Town and Country.

Printed in the Year 1744.

Rome's *Legacy to the Kirk of* Scotland; *A Satire on the Stool of Repentance.*

Risum teneatis Amici.

WHen *Pop'ry* was pull'd down in Days of Yore
Hastily banish'd from our *Albion* Shore;
The subtile *Jesuits* contriv'd a Way
The *Protestant Religion* to Betray.
Some Things they left behind to prove their Claim,
And the Reformer's Title to be lame.
They gave the *Surplice* to the *English Prelates*,
And their *Repenting-Stools* to *Scottish* Zealots.
In these Love-Tokens both such Pleasure take,
As if they hugg'd them for the Giver's Sake.
The First my Muse may Satirise e're long;
The Last shall be the Subject of this Song.
HAIL ancient *Relique* of the *Roman See*!
Now wampt by a reforming Presbytry.
Old, as the *Papal-Chair*; thy Days began,
When *Priest-craft* Lorded o'er the Rights of Man:
And Men of Royal Blood did meanly go
To *Antichrist* at *Rome*, and Kiss'd his Toe.
When the blind Laity mumbl'd o'er their Beads,
Ave Maria's Sung, and *Latin Creeds*;
Trick'd by *designing Priests*, and Monks with *shaven Heads*.
Pennance was broach'd: By pious Frauds betray'd
The Laity swallowed all what *Priest-craft* said.
Religion sunk with Tales, there did succeed,
A Wafer worship and a God of Bread.
So artfully the Priests coused the easy Fools,
That, cloath'd in Sackcloath on *Repenting-Stools*,
They thought their Mortal Sins were all forgiven,
And this the meritorious Way to Heaven.

By the ſame *Prieſt-craft* are we chain'd ſecure,
Tho' we've renounc'd th' uſurping Papal Power.
The Trick prevails, our Scandal, and our Shame,
With ſuch Effects as I'm afraid to name.
How dare Prieſts of this *Romiſh* Idol boaſt,
Which hath ſuch Blood and ſuch Damnation coſt.
If we conſult our Records, there we'll ſee,
It's made a hundred on a Gibbet die.
That curſed Engine of the *Roman* Power,
Which doth our Lives and very Souls devour.
If fair *Servilia*'s Virtue make a Slip,
By *Rufus* tempted to the Youthful Trip:
Soon as her pregnant Womb begins to riſe.
The Quickning Tomb where all her Sorrow lies;
On every Wall ſhe reads that doleful Sentence,
The Place where Fornicators make Repentance.
Fearful ſhe falls into *Belſhazzar*'s Fit,
When *Mene Tekel* on the Wall was writ.
Untouch'd with deep Remorſe ſhe doth not mourn,
And to a Clement Saviour return.
No, no, ſhe doth not think on Heaven or Hell;
On the *Repenting-Stool* her Thoughts do dwell:
The Terrors of that awful Seat prevails,
And oh! ſhe liſtens to the Devil's Tales.
Satan ſuggeſts; for he's a cunning Foe,
And will ye to your Shame and Ruin go;
Mount up a *Cock-Stool* to be gaz'd upon,
In Face of all the Pariſh and the Sun;
Diſgrace your Friends, and get the Name of Whore,
And bear the Scandal to your dying Hour:
A Baſtard's Slave, and a deſpiſed Wretch
You'll live, and never need expect a Match:
Think on a Way to keep the Name of Maid,
And thus the poor unthinking Girl's betray'd.
The *Hen-Wife* and old Nurſe, her fatal Friends,
Contrive, and ſoon find out the Murdering Means;
And ſhe goes on, while Satan holds the Reins,
Until ſhe gets a Halter for her Pains:

For that's the Puniſhment of wicked Fools;
And the Reſult of our *Repenting-Stools.*
My Muſe Record, and don't Prieſts *Odium* fear,
How once they us'd a *Noble Cavalier:*
Becauſe that he tranſgreſs'd the ſeventh Command,
They dragg'd him to the *Stool*, there made him ſtand,
Clothed in *Sackcloath*, that diſgraceful Weed,
And a *Spiritual Barber* ſhav'd his Head.
With Paſſion mad, thus to be made Jeſt,
He drew a Knife and ſheath'd it in his Breaſt
And, dying, left his Blood upon the Prieſt.
Tell me, ye Prieſts, why doth there never ſtand
Upon your *Stools*, the Nobles of the Land?
Is it like Cob-webs, which ſmall Flies do catch,
But cannot hold the great ones and the Rich?
O! this is partial in the Higheſt Pitch.
The pious Trickſters in the Days of old,
Grown rich with Royal Spoils, turn fierce and bold,
Compell'd our Nobles who did Aid their King
(For Loyalty with them's a dangerous Thing)
T' abjure the *STEWARTS* Title to the Crown,
And Kirk-men's Livery wear, a Sackcloth Gown.
Mount up the Stool to be expos'd to Mock,
And bow before Mis *John*'s All-conquering Cloak,
There hear loud Thunders from the Pulpit crack,
And wear an antick Fools Coat on their Back.
At *Scoon*, where King's commence their Regal Toil.
Their ſacred Fillets wet with *Aaron*'s Oil:
Where they the Royal Purple Robes put on,
And in the Marble Chair receive a Crown,
Did Royal *CHARLES* the Bleſſed *Marty*'s Heir,
In *Presbyterian* Pagentry appear,
On the *Repenting-Stool* the Hero ſtood
A Spectacle to the Admiring Croud;
And to the cruel Cloak the Scepter bow'd.
This ſaucy Cloak upbraids the *STEWARTS* Race,
And ſpits its Venom in the Sovereign's Face.
Fanatick Fetters held the *God-like Man*,

Thus

Thus the prophane, pedantick Speech began;
Sir, openly your Sins muſt be confeſt,
Tell you're an Hawk of an unkanny Neſt:
Your Fathers bow'd their Knees to Dan *and* Baal,
And were a Plague unto our Iſrael:
Lifting their Hands againſt the Lord of Hoſts,
And put the prideful Prelates in their Poſts.
Are ye ſincerely ſorry for your Sin,
And all the Errors of your Chriſtleſs Kin?
Will ye the Covenant's Intereſt betroth,
And take it for your Coronation Oath?
With all your Power Idolatry withſtand,
Support the Reformation Work in Hand;
And diſappoint your Godly People's Fears:
Or elſe you'll find your Crown, a Crown of Briers.
YE Superſtitious bow not to the Eaſt,
Nor, when the *Sermon's* done, ſalute the Prieſt.
With awful Reverence give a lowly Bow
To this exalted *Stool*, the Royal Pew.
Pay Homage to it as a Regal Chair,
Since Sovereign Majeſty did once ſtand there.
MY Muſe relate the Eloquence of *Cant*,
A chief Apoſtle, and the Northern *Saint*.
How he Rebuk'd one of our ancient Peers,
An Aged ſinner, ſunk with weighty Years:
What look you like, old rotten Sinner, ſay,
At Eighty Years you Whore, and cannot Pray?
The Peer reply'd, in Language very meek,
Saint Andrew, *I am really like a Leek;*
White is my Head, and very green my T——l.
I'm made of Fleſh, and Fleſh you know is frail.
WER'T not for what poor Ignorants ſuſtain,
Who've much of Fear, and very little Brain,
Blyth Folk would wiſh that *Stools* would ſtill remain;
'Tis ſuch Diverſion when the Men ſtand there,
As *Ebius* tells the Tale with pleaſant Air.
BARE-HEADED Beddels uſher to the Seat,
I walk in Pomp like Miniſter of State;
When I the ſolemn Sackcloth Weed do wear, And

And gravely mount the penitential Chair,
My Gown arreſts the Eyes of all the Flock,
Who mock the Preacher threſhing in his Cloak;
There I in Triumph ſit 'bove every *Whig*;
Adjuſt my Gravate and my Compaign Weig,
Spread wide the Badge of Sin to ſhow my Cloaths,
And with a Napkin bruſh my Silken Hoſe,
Young Laſſes whiſpering, laughing like young Apes,
Say, He's a hopeful Sinner, ſee his Shapes;
But their Mamma's, who give me ſecret Kiſſes,
Tremble, leſt I ſhould tell *Mis-John* my Miſſes,
Proclaim in Noon-day what I've done in Dark,
And point at all the Cuckholds in the Kirk.
A Matron Midwife, rocking on her Knee
A new born Child, looks up and ſmiles on me;
Methinks, I hear the ſuperanuate Jade
Say, Bleſſings on the Man keeps up the Trade,
Fy 'pon them makes him climb that rotten Chair,
'Twere fitter far to ſend our Fumblers there.
A ſcene of Objects opens to my View,
Conceal'd from thoſe lock'd in a lower Pew;
Sometimes I on the Window caſt mine Eye,
And ſee a ſubtile Spider pinch a Fly,
The feeble Warriors combat in the Field,
'Till the poor captive Fly is forc'd to yield,
And the Proud Victor trails her to his Den,
With as much Triumph as prevails 'mong Men.
Then turning to the Pillars, there I read.
The Honours on th' Eſcutcheons of the Dead;
Tall Heroes who in Battle made a Figure,
And trac'd the ſteps of *Presbyterian* Rigour:
Theſe tatter'd Enſings do their Valour prove,
But I'm the living Monument of *Love*.
Weary'd with Eaſe, my Meditation falls
On Texts of *Scripture*, paſted on the Walls;
Devoutly I peruſe our SAVIOUR's Prayer,
Full of Amazement for to ſee it there;
The pious Criminal maintains its Place,
Altho' expell'd the Houſe with deep Diſgrace:

I read the *Ten Commands*, but one ſhort Line
Makes me ſoon wiſh they were reduc'd to *Nine*:
That *Line* makes me ſtand here, and now *Mis-John*
Knits his ſtern Brow, and with a canting Tone
Acquaints me, that my Trial's coming on.
A Trial which doth the *Juſticiary* mock,
The Judge wrapt up in a *Geneva* Cloak.
The Scarlet chequer'd with the Ermine ſhew,
That as they've Juſtice, ſo they've Mercy too:
But O! I tremble, and I ſcratch my Lug,
To be impeach'd before a Louſe-bare Rug.
ROUND a long Table near the Pulpit Foot,
Do Fifeteen Elders of the *Inqueſt* ſit;
To ſhow that they the Proceſs underſtand,
Each hath a *Corpus Juris* in his Hand,
With Silver Claſps and fine *Geneva* Notes,
Which they demurely mumble thro' their Throats.
A clumſey Fiſcal in the Desk doth ſtand,
Holding a ſhort Indictment in his Hand;
The Juſtice General in the Holy Chair
Takes it, and reads it with phanatick Air,
Making a long Diſcourſe, Half Preaching, and Half Pray'r,
Repeats my Youthful Feats in *Venus* War,
For which I'm made a Pannel at his Bar.
I riſe, make Legs, and bow to all the Court.
Some burſt with Laughter at the pleaſant Sport;
I pull my Napkin out and wipe my Cheeks,
As if I wept at every Word he ſpeaks;
I wring my Fingers, and diſtort my Face,
Which he concludes is certain Marks of Grace.
CONFESSION made, then doth the Judge begin,
T' abſolve and purge me from my deadly Sin;
Diſmiſs'd with Joy, and reeling down the Stair,
I ruſh to the Embraces of my Fair.
My Roll of Sins hath got the Clergy's Score;
A good Encouragement to ſin the more.
So honeſt Debtors, when their Bills are paid,
For to contract of new are not afraid.
NOR dare I ſay that our Diverſion's leſs, When

When on the Stool appears the buxom *Beſs*,
For Antinuptial Daliance with her Spouſe,
Altho 'twas ratify'd with Marriage Vows;
And all the Crimes ſhe did, was for to Eat.
Before *Mis-John* had conſecrate the Meat.
Both her clean Tartan Plaid, and Gown of Gray,
Do Native Innocence and Charms diſplay;
Before her Mouth the gilded Bible lay.
Well may ſhe on the ſacred Pages look,
There's no Indictment 'gainſt her in that Book.
Now, When *Mis-John* has wreſtl'd out the Glaſs,
He leers about and blinks on bony *Beſs*,
Commands her for to lay her Plaid aſide,
Which from the wanton Lads her Charms do hide;
She gathers up her Limbs, bows with her Tail,
Which he muſt pelt with a ſpiritual Flail.
He tugs his Cloak, and then begins the Wark,
O Beſſy, Beſſy, *you have a black Mark.*
An arch Wag ſays, *Miſs-John* that's 'gainſt the Law.
To ſay the Thing is black you never ſaw.
Beſs bluſhes, and ſhe knows not what to ſay,
All Eyes are on her Tenement of Clay.
The old Wives mutter, Sure *Mis-John* is dreaming,
Why ſhould not Beſs be like to other Women.
But *Pettiegrew* goes on to Reprimand,
Whilſt all the People on their Tiptoes ſtand,
Was't not the Devil did your Heart betray,
Or elſe you'd keep the Feaſt 'till the Feaſt Day.
You know, the ſillieſt Herd liſts off his Bonnet.
Before he takes his Cog, and ſays a Sonnet;
But ye throw up your Gammonds in the Bed
Before a Grace, and loſt your Maidenhead.
Beſſy, *an uncouth Haſte you have been in,*
That could not want till I my Gloves did win,
I'm ſure, 'twas very far from being civil,
To get your eldeſt Bairn from the Devil,
And thus *Mis John* goes on to act his Play,
Till all the People laugh and go away.
THANKS to the Kirk, who thus ſupport her Power.
After the Model of the *Romiſh* Whore. *Satis.* THE

The CAMERONIAN CRUCIFIX.

PApiſts, ye're fairly foil'd, think ſhame and bluſh,
Your various Relicts, are not worth a ruſh,
What's Mary's *Milk, &c.* Peter's *rotten Bones,*
When in Proceſſion born by Human Drones?
What wonders can they do, confeſs the Truth?
They're nothing to a Cameronian *Tooth.*
Which a grave holy ſighing Siſter wears,
That in the Grave lay five and fifty Years.
And that was Mris. Mary Crighton,
A Cameronian *Pious right one.*
Imboſs'd in Gold, it dangled at her Heart,
Corroborating Lungs, and ſtrengthning every Part.
When Tooth-ack doth affect the tender Jaws,
It hails all Pains, and takes away the Cauſe.
Grand Miracle, who can believe its true,
That rotten Teeth ſhould cure the Teeth that's new,
Fits of the Mother it cures, and Vapours too.
This Wonder-working Tooth all things can do.
Prevents abortion when ty'd upon the Knee,
They wear that Tooth where ſt——g T—e ſhould be.
She ſhew'd to me a Box, wherein lay hid,
The Pictures of Cargil *and Mr.* Kid,
A ſplinter of the Tree on which they're Slain.
A double Inch of Major Weir's *beſt Cane,*
Rathillet's *Sword beat down to Table Knife,*
Which took at Magus-more *a Biſhop's Life,*
The Worthy Welche's *Spectacles who ſaw,*
That Windle-ſtraws would fight againſt the Law,
The Windleſtraws were ſtouteſt of the two,
They ſtood their Ground, away the Prophet flew.
And Liſts of all the Prophets Names were ſeen,
At Pentland-hills, Ardmoſs *and* Rullen-Green.
Don't think (ſhe ſays) theſe holy Things are Fopery.
They're precious Antidotes, againſt the Power of Popery.

Archibald Shiel's *Bird impriſoned in the City Guard for Whiſtling*, the King ſhall enjoy his own again *on a* Sabbath *Day*.

The Criminal Stirling impeach'd for High Treaſon.

A Zealous Brother of the Canting Crew,
And Sabatarian, *ſtricter than a* Jew,
Who thinks Hypocriſie a Goſpel Creed,
But ſolid Piety a Legal Weed.
In his reforming Survey Sabbath *laſt,*
(He'll turn the Feſtival unto a Faſt;)
Seiz'd on a Juicy Joint of roaſted Meat,
And bid the graceleſs Owner, chaw the Spit;
Ungracious Man, I'll execute the Law,
And keep it to my own Spiritual Maw;
The plundred Perſon, ſtaring in his Face,
Cry'd twenty D——ls go down, make that the Grace,
The Seizure made, O then he gravely ſays!
With grievous Groans, for when he Robs he Prays.
Ale Drinking's a great Sin but none of mine,
The Spirit riſes beſt, with Forty Nine;
But there's another Sin, which much prevails,
Women on Sabbaths, *bearing Milking Pails,*
Elders *and* Deacons *(tho' the Churches Prop)*
Had never Courage yet to Seize a Stoup.
Officer *take the Milk from yon Milk Maids,*
And Poind their Pinners, *ſince they have no* Plaids:
The Beagle *ſaid, before he made them ſtand,*
This holy Work, will ſowre upon our Hand.
Nay he chaſtiz'd, a worſe Tranſgreſſion yet,
(The holy Man is for his Office fit)
People prophane, who's Tongues are Satan's Swords,
Tranſmit their Venom, *to their* Bairns *and* Birds.
A Stirling *hatch'd, in ſome Malignant Neſt,*
Had learn'd a Song, *which ſhould not be expreſt,*

Thrice

Thrice with his Baton, *did he touch the Cage,*
And thus he Roars, like Doctor on a Stage,
O thou'rt a vile, a mad Malignant Bird,
To Sing a Song, that's Treaſon every Word,
Had ye been taught by me a Bow head Saint.
You'd ſung the Solemn League *and* Covenant.
Beſſie *of* Lanerk, *and the* laſt good Night,
But y're a Bird Prelatick, that's no Right,
Ye have a Breath that doth pollute the Air,
To turn a Tory *Tune, unto a* Sabbath's *Pray'r,*
Ye have been bred, by that Malignant Lown,
Dean *of* Dumblane, *I ſeiz'd upon his Gown,*
Go take it to the Guard, and Owner both,
Until they Swear the Abjuration *Oath,*
Compear before the Conſtables and Seſſion,
And make an ample, and ſincere Confeſſion,
Theſe Stirlings, *are a wicked kind of Folk,*
This is a Rebel *worſe than the* Muir-Cock.
O could my Baton, *reach the* Leavrocks *too,*
They're Chirling Jamie, Jeamie, *juſt like you:*
I hate vain Birds, who lead Malignant Lives;
But loves the Chanters *to the* Bow-head *Wives.*
The Captain ſmil'd, to hear the merry Jeſt,
A well bred Bird, mock'd by an ill bread Beaſt.

The Webſter who preſuming to Kiſs a Neighbour Wife on a *Sabbath* Morning, was ſharply rebuked by her, for which he Caſtrate himſelf. In a Dialogue 'twixt her, and the Matron's of *Middletoun.*

DOle, dole, dear Cummers, diſmal News!
The Webſter Lown's loſt both his Clews,
My Luckie Loom, will idle be,
For neither Woft, nor Worp, has he,
Oft hath he ſtoln, to bring us Pelf!
But now the Rogue ſteals from himſelf;
Himſelf quoth I, confound the Villain!
All that's his own's not worth a Shilling,
What ſignifies his Heart and Head?

No

No more than theirs that's ſev'n Years Dead,
The Loſs of theſe I'd ne're bewail,
His only Talent was his Tail.
And now, alake! alace! dear Kate,
He's laid it on a Pewter Plate,
Woe to him, and his bloody Knife,
A bonny Break-faſt, to a Wife!
I muſt inter, with Grief and Pain,
The Thing will never riſe again,
For let him ſteal as faſt's he can,
He'll never make a ſtanding Man:
Poor Dactylus, you'le ſoon be miſs'd,
I'll make you Flannels and a Cheſt,
Bury you at the Martyr's Tomb;
As formerly, in my own Womb;
When Cameronians *come with Groans,*
And ſigh, upon their Martyrs Bones,
To mourn with them I will not fail,
Upon my Cameronian's *Tail:*
Say, Jenny, Beſſie, Kate *and* Anne?
What ſhall be done to this baſe Man?
Quoth Beſſie *let us e're we riſe,*
Pronounce a Verdict *of* Aſſize;
Go, take him to the Weſt Brae-head,
And Stone the Stoneleſs Villain Dead.
Says Jenny, *Do not let us ſtone him,*
But all ſit down and Piſs upon him;
For ſince he's been, ſuch Rogue *and* Fool
To mangle thus the Marriage Tool,
Moſt juſt to put him to Diſgrace!
Let's make a Piſ-pot *of his Face!*
Te he, quoth Kate *and* Ann *that's beſt,*
And we'll ſtrone Fine among the reſt!
So let us take a hearty Bicker
That will make us Piſs the Quicker.

FINIS.

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